# UNITY

*FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION*


Thomas More — On the 400th Anniversary of His Execution—(1535-1935)
*By David Gittleman*

Thrilling War - - *Joseph Ernest McAfee*

European Notes - - *John Haynes Holmes*

The Stranger - - *Reginald A. Reynolds*

Via Dolorosa—California, 1934—(*A Poem*)
- - - - - *William H. Roberts*

Is Pacifism Doctoring Symptoms? - -
- - - - - *Franklin K. Gifford*

Religious Liberty and the Christian Conscience
- - - - - *William C. Allen*



VOLUME CXV NUMBER 9

Chicago, July 1, 1935

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

# UNITY

Established 1878

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

*Published Semi-Monthly* *Subscription $3.00*
*Until Further Notice* *Single Copies 15 cents*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
*"Entered as Second-Class Matter May 24, 1935, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor* CURTIS W. REESE, *Managing Editor*



*Board of Directors*

MRS. S. O. LEVINSON, President
MRS. E. L. LOBDELL, Vice-President
MRS. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS, Treasurer
MRS. FRANCIS NEILSON
MRS. O. T. KNIGHT
MR. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS
MR. C. W. REESE
MISS MATILDA C. SCHAFF
MRS. E. E. SMITH
MR. FRANCIS NEILSON
Secretary: MAY JOHNSON

*Editorial Contributors*

W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW
DOROTHY WALTON BINDER
RAYMOND B. BRAGG
EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
PERCY M. DAWSON
ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH
JAMES A. FAIRLEY
ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
LOUIS L. MANN
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO
ALSON H. ROBINSON
ROBERT C. SCHALLER
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY
JAMES H. WEST

*Poetry Editors*

LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

*Foreign Representatives*

AUSTRALIA—CHARLES STRONG
AUSTRIA—STEFAN ZWEIG
BULGARIA—P. M. MATTHÉEFF
ENGLAND—HARRISON BROWN
FRED HANKINSON
REGINALD REYNOLDS
FRANCE—G. DEMARTIAL
ROMAIN ROLLAND
GERMANY—THEODOR HAHN
INDIA—RABINDRANATH TAGORE
JAPAN—NOBUICHIRO IMAOKA
PALESTINE—HANS KOHN
RUSSIA—ALINA HUEBSCH


## *Contents*


EDITORIAL—
Notes ..... 163
Thrilling War—JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE ..... 164
European Notes—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES ..... 165

ARTICLES—
Selected—*Thomas Carlyle* ..... 163
The Stranger—REGINALD A. REYNOLDS ..... 168
Thomas More—On the 400th Anniversary of His Execution—DAVID GITTLEMAN ..... 170
Revery at a Tomb—*Philip S. Bernstein* ..... 172
Is Pacifism Doctoring Symptoms?—FRANKLIN K. GIFFORD ..... 173
Religious Liberty and the Christian Conscience—WILLIAM C. ALLEN ..... 175

POETRY—
Via Dolorosa—California, 1934—WILLIAM H. ROBERTS ..... 169

THE STUDY TABLE—
What the Soviets Have Done for Women—ALICE STONE BLACKWELL ..... 176
A New Study of Christianity—ALSON H. ROBINSON ..... 177
Hymns for the People—J. H. H. ..... 178

THE FIELD—
Is the World Likely to Outgrow God? Answers furnished by J. T. SUNDERLAND ..... 162


## The Field

*"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

### Is the World Likely to Outgrow God?

[Answers furnished by J. T. Sunderland]

**Sir Francis Bacon**

I would rather believe all the fables of the Talmud and the Koran than that this universal frame is without a Mind.

**Max Müller**

To the philosopher the existence of God may seem to rest on a syllogism. But in the eyes of the historian it rests on the whole evolution of human thought.

**Carolus Linnaeus**

In my scientific studies of the plant world I see God everywhere.

**Louis Pasteur**

Posterity will one day laugh at the foolishness of the modern materialistic philosophers. The more I study nature the more I stand amazed at the works of the Creator.

**Thomas H. Huxley**

The materialistic position, that there is nothing in the world but matter, is as utterly devoid of justification as the most baseless theological dogma.

**Baruch (Benedict) Spinoza**

Mind is the one aspect or phase that one knows, in everything that exists. We can know nothing but Mind.

**Sir Oliver Lodge**

When President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Sir Oliver Lodge read a paper in which he declared: We are deaf and dumb to the infinite grandeur around us unless we have insight enough to appreciate the Whole, and so recognize in the woven fabric of existence, flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress toward perfection, the ever-growing garment of a transcendent God.

Later he wrote: Life and mind are realities which I believe exist throughout the universe. I believe they exist in the birth and death of worlds, and will continue long after the material universe has run down—if its fate is to run down (which I doubt). If the present universe does run down, Mind can reorganize it, and the process can start afresh.

**Herbert Spencer**

The belief that the Religion of Humanity (religion without God)

(*Continued on Page* 178)

# UNITY

*"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"*

Volume CXV MONDAY, JULY 1, 1935 No. 9

**AMERICA!**

**"Cease to brag to me of America, and its model institutions and constitutions. To men in their sleep there is nothing granted in this world; nothing, or as good as nothing, to men that sit idly caucusing and ballot-boxing on the graves of their heroic ancestors, saying, 'It is well, it is well!' Corn and bacon are granted; not a very sublime boon, on such conditions; a boon, moreover, which, on such conditions, cannot last.**

**"No, America too will have to strain its energies in quite other fashion than this; to crack its sinews, and all but break its heart, as the rest of us had to do, in thousandfold wrestle with the pythons and mud-demons, before it can become a habitation for the gods. America's battle is yet to fight; and we, sorrowful though nothing doubting, will wish her strength for it. New spiritual pythons, plenty of them; enormous megatherions, as ugly as ever were born of mud, loom large and hideous out of the twilight future of America; and she will have her own agency, and her own victory, but on other terms than she is yet quite aware of."**

—*Thomas Carlyle* **in "The Present Time" (1850).**

---

War has been called "the sport of kings." It now seems, in the growing dearth of kings, to be quite as much the sport of dictators and even of democracies. But that word "sport" gives us an idea! Why not substitute for war some *real* sport as a settler of international disputes? Why not in these cases have an arbitrament not of arms but of athletics? This is not so fantastic as it sounds. Thus, in the old days, many a city, or clan, or even people, cast its all upon the outcome of a duel between two knightly champions, as witness the climax of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" as an illustration. Why not, in this same spirit, have a "war" take the form of a prize-fight between the champion pugilists of the two contending nations? As late as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the wars of Louis XIV, war was more a game than anything else. It was fought in accordance with sporting rules scrupulously observed by all parties. Its events were only occasionally battles and sieges; more frequently they were the marching and countermarching of small professional armies, altogether like the movements of pieces upon a chess-board. It was Napoleon who cast confusion into this "sport," and thus made war the ghastly and utterly irresponsible thing it is today. But why not return to this sporting idea, and substitute for armed conflict, say, a yacht race such as absorbed the attention of America and Great Britain in recent months? In case of a real dispute between these two countries threatening war, what could be wiser than a best-four-in-seven between two such doughty sailors as King George for England and President Roosevelt for the United States? But if not yacht-racing, then some other sport! The point is that the outcome would be just as decisive and sensible, i. e., rational, in a tennis-match as in a Battle of the Marne, and the process would be so much pleasanter and so much cheaper! And the excitement would be no less—an important point, since war is popular because of the "kick" non-combatants get out of it. We have long been told that what we need is a "substitute" for war. Well, here it is!

---

The old historic American motto, *E Pluribus Unum*, has specific reference, of course, to the technical character of our federal republic. We have one nation which is composed of a union of the separate and independent individualities of the several states. But this motto has always seemed to us to have a deeper social and even spiritual significance. Thus, our people —what are they but a single homogeneous human unit composed of a great free massing of heterogeneous groups of various national, racial, and religious elements? The diversity of this country's population, it has always seemed to us, is its glory and also its basic strength. Here are millions of English, and Germans, and French, and Italians, and Scandinavians, and Russians, and Bulgarians, and Poles, and what not, all gathered from many soils and all now living peacefully side by side on the one soil of this happy land. These national groups are crossed by lines of religion—Jews, Catholics, the myriad sects of Protestantism, and eastern cults not a few. Then there are the races of mankind—white, black, brown, yellow—all of which are fruitfully represented among our inhabitants. What a gathering of the tribes of earth—a vast assemblage of God's peoples, enriching one another by mutual contact, and proving by their common life on this continent larger than Europe the feasibility of peace! And there are those among us who would have these groups lose their individuality and become absorbed into one dull and characterless uniformity of Americanism! In nothing is the loss of democracy more terrible than in this loss of differentiation in the totalitarian idea which flourishes in such ghastly fashion in Italy and Ger-

many. God forbid that we should ever fall victim to the superstition of *Gleichshaltung!* Let it be forever proclaimed that the Jew best serves America by being a *Jew,* and the Negro by being a *Negro,* and the Catholic by being a *Catholic!* Anything less than this is the great American heresy.

---

There are many things in the contemporary world which distress us—but one thing more than all else! We refer to the absorption of men's minds in the problem of economic security. Our jobs, our income, our property, our bank accounts, our life insurance policies —these are the things that we think about, talk about, worry about. Even those who are still comfortable and apparently safe are concerned almost exclusively with these elemental questions of physical subsistence. And what of those who are out of employment, have lost whatever they had in the way of money and savings, and are dependent upon the vagaries of public or private charity? What faces us is the fact that we are living at a time, under conditions, wherein nothing is of any importance but the question of how we are going to keep alive in terms of food, clothing, and shelter. Or, if there are other things of importance, nobody has any remnants of attention or energy to give to them. This, to our mind, constitutes the ultimately supreme disaster of the age. For this absorption in material things represents an utter impoverishment of man's higher and truer life. We were not born, men were not created, to spend all time and strength in hunting for and worrying about food, like a backyard cat or a stray dog in the streets. Yet most human beings at this hour actually occupy no higher mental plane than that of a food-distracted animal—indeed, in eras of so-called prosperity, an appalling number of men and women have been obliged to devote all their energies to the task of scant subsistence. Whereas the very essence of man's life is found in those higher faculties of thought and emotion which are the source of art, literature, and love! In any truly civilized society, economic security would be guaranteed. Food and other necessities would be provided as automatically and freely as air for the lungs. Then men would be released to live as *men,* and life would straightway bloom into a veritable paradise. But now—what a supreme degradation of God's children that they can think of nothing but how to keep alive!

---

Why is a political revolution invariably accompanied by a war against religion? What happened to the churches of France in the French Revolution is precisely what has happened to the churches in more recent revolutions in our time. The story of Russia is familiar—a deliberate extirpation of religion by the triumphant Bolsheviki. The same thing is true of Mexico, where a less violent revolution has led to an only less violent attack upon Catholicism. Now comes Spain, the new republican government of Spain, which has closed the Roman church, confiscated its property, and, most recently, dissolved the historic Jesuit order. It would seem as though there must be some general reason for this general phenomenon—something far more deeply rooted than any merely local conditions of public disturbance. And this reason is clearly revealed, to our way of thinking, by the significant fact that the war against the churches is almost always carried on with the enthusiastic approval and support of the masses of the people. We can understand the situation only as we see clearly one momentous fact, and that is, that in countries swept by revolution, the church has been stoutly on the side of the oppressors. Organized religion, in other words, has always been on the side of the small, select, but all-powerful class or group which occupies the seats of power and rules in its own interest. It is against this dominating and exploiting group—the king and his court, the hereditary aristocracy, the landlords, the military—that the revolution breaks, and inevitably the flood of popular revolt sweeps away everything that has sustained this group. This means, among other things, the church! In all these countries, that is, religion has betrayed the people —not only consented to their oppression, but participated in it. Inevitably, therefore, it has shared the wrath and punishment of revolution. The church has contributed to its own rejection, conspired to its own destruction. If it hopes to survive in countries not yet visited by social upheaval, let it stand, as it should stand ideally, for the people's liberty.

---

## Thrilling War

The only effectual cure of war is to make peace more interesting. Preachments against war's horrors are likely to prove ineffective; sometimes the horrors are an element in its attractiveness. The chance to be patriotic and get a thrill while one is at it, is too much for many young people.

One of the great New England preachers was once riding on the outside seat with a skillful stagecoach driver, when the latter reached forward and flicked one of his lead horses with his whip. The preacher saw no occasion for that, and asked the driver why he did it. Oh, replied he, that fellow was getting ready to shy at a stump by the side of the road, and I wanted to give him something else to think about.

The preacher made the incident the text for a great sermon on "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection." There is a parable in the scriptures about a house that was empty, swept and garnished, and forthwith became occupied with inmates seven times more devilish than were its previous occupants. Empty minds inevitably fill up with something.

The depression has provided a fertile field for the

sowing of the dragon's teeth of war. If you do not sow wheat to cover all the ground, tares are certain to thrive. The weakness of most peace movements is that they are counsels of resistance, passivism pitted against war's activism; they really are not movements at all, but a huddle of resisters.

The eminent psychologist, William James, long ago declared that the urgent need is a moral equivalent of war. He was speaking for the benefit of those who deplore the wickedness of war. That moral equivalent, when it is found, will embody a program of action more absorbing and gripping than that which war supplies.

The militarist is showing a weak psychology in converting modern war into an affair of laboratories and long-range contacts. It is hard to get a thrill out of shooting a gun as big as a house at an enemy 75 miles away. The old methods of warfare were much more thrilling.

Similarly, education employs a weak psychology when it pins young people down to dry-as-dust laboratory research in matters which bear no relationship to the interests of human life. A young candidate for a Ph. D. degree who has spent the whole day trying to trace the metamorphosis of the tracheal system of the larva of Musca domestica is likely to want to run out doors and shoot somebody simply to escape boredom.

Hitler has made his great hit with the German people because he relieved the utter drabness of their existence since the world war. Almost anybody would prefer to get out on the street and goose-step than to sit around all day hating one's self and one's neighbors. Perhaps the modern Germans became so highly militarized in the first place as a sort of escape from the terrible rigidity and formality of their modern scholasticism.

President Wilson declared that henceforth neutrality in war is impossible. Yet all through the world war several outstanding nations of Europe did remain neutral, Holland and the Scandinavian countries. Perhaps that fact stands more nearly related than has been recognized to the social tendencies in these countries both before and since the World War. These peoples have become intensely absorbed in certain constructive programs of domestic development. Among them there has been a phenomenal outburst of the practical arts. A few generations ago the Danes, for example, were notoriously belligerent. They have now become so interested in their industrial co-operative enterprises and the development of their folk arts that fighting does not seem attractive.

The foremost American aviator in the World War was asked the other day about the prospects of aviation in the next war. He replied that he was not interested; that the problems of commercial and passenger flying were too absorbing. American military air service may be backward, but American commercial aviation leads the world. Which is a promising preventive of war.

The only way to preserve peace is to keep busy in peaceful pursuits. JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

---

## European Notes

I

*S. S. President Harding.*

This is my ninth crossing of the Atlantic—and the furious rages of this ocean are still unknown to me. Its waters, in my experience, have nearly always been as smooth and sunny as they are today, nearly a thousand miles at sea. I remember a "blow" on the *Laconia* years ago, when we were advised not to go on deck, and another wild and white-cap day on the *Aquitania,* but never a storm. Yet I have crossed in spring and fall, and once in mid-January. Obviously, I am a better man than Jonah!

This ship has only one fault—her name! But an unfortunate name is not uncommon, and is easily forgiven. But I find it hard to forgive the great oil painting of Warren Gamaliel Harding upon which I have to look every time I descend the grand stair-case of this vessel. It reminds me of the old story of Jay Gould who was showing a friend over a steamer belonging to a line which Gould and his notorious associate, Jim Fiske, had just purchased for purposes of plunder. The two men had come to the entrance hallway, where hung side by side two pictures of the owners—Jay Gould and Jim Fiske. Pointing proudly to the canvases, Gould asked his friend what he thought of them. "Very good," was the reply, "but you need another picture." "Another picture?" queried Jay Gould. "Yes," said the frank friend, "Jesus Christ ought to be hung up there between you two."

This ship has one other rather peculiar feature. An American vessel, she is apparently manned by Germans. I see nothing objectionable to this in itself. The Germans are a good people, and these stewards and sailors are admirable fellows. But I have always heard these "United States Lines" tooted as an American merchant marine. I have been told by patriotic friends that all good Americans ought to patronize their national ships and thus be loyal to their own. I have symphathized at times with this plea, for I have recalled that English ships are all manned with Englishmen, and French ships with Frenchmen, etc. And now, behold, I step upon an American ship, and find only a few Americans in the whole ship's company. Even the barber—living in New Jersey, to be sure!—is a German! The explanation, I suppose, is that American crews come high, thanks to the LaFollette law. To save money, therefore, the American line strips its ships of Americans, and hires foreigners.

Which is all right so far as I am concerned, as I hate these marks of national distinction! But what about my patriotic friends who want me to patronize home industries as a sign and token of my own Americanism? Surely, patriotism is a strange thing.

The passengers on board are a friendly company —simple, unconventional, wholesome, few dress-suits, no snobs. But of course the *President Harding* is not a luxury liner, and thus does not draw the swells. Which is all to the good! My table-mates are particularly attractive—the charming and highly cultivated wife of a New York rabbi whom I have long known, her daughter, a student at Fieldstone, a Russian friend whom I met in Moscow in 1931, and an American-born woman returning to her husband and family in England. It was curious, how we met together at our first meal and began talking immediately, not about the weather, but about the prospects of war in Europe. That seemed to be the topic uppermost in our minds, and therefore inevitably the common meeting place of our initial discussion. Were we taking risks? What would such a war be like? What would we do if it came? All very interesting, but rather gruesome for a summer trip across the sea! But it is characteristic of our world. Where can we turn these days without weighing the prospects of war and peace, life and death? The prospects this year were fairly good, we thought! Yes, the war was coming, no doubt about that, but in all probability not for another three or four years. This seems to be the general judgment, for the European ships are all traveling this season with full cabins.

Talk naturally turns also to Germany. My table-mates are not immediately interested—three are bound for England, and the fourth for Russia—but there are others aboard who share my concern. The automobile representative, for example, who lives in Holland, and goes frequently into Germany! This gentleman is a typical American business man—energetic, good-natured, friendly, and preeminently practical. "Germany —O, wonderful! You haven't been there since 1931? Well, you'll see a marvelous change. Extraordinary what Hitler has done! The policing magnificent, the cities all cleaned up, no prostitution or crime, a 17-year old girl can go safely anywhere day or night, labor attending strictly to business and working hard. Before the Nazis came to power, there was confusion everywhere. The workers were turbulent and disorderly, all the time going out on strikes; politics were a mess, with election after election deciding nothing; finances were in chaos. But now Hitler has whipped everything into shape. It's wonderful—wonderful!"

"But how about the Jews?"

"O, they're all right. Hitler has just cleaned out the quacks and crooks, that's all. A lot of fake doctors and lawyers, the 'sheeny' gamblers and speculators, the dishonest merchants—they're had to get out, and Germany's well rid of them. Now these 'kikes' are in Holland, and of course they're taking over the place. I was asked the other day to contribute to a relief fund for the refugee Jews in Holland, and I said sure I would, if they'd start another relief fund for the Dutch. They'll need it, all right, after these German Jews have got through with them. But the Jews in Germany—O, they're all right! You needn't worry about them. They know what they can do and can't do, and they're perfectly happy."

"But the people generally—do they like Hitler?"

"Sure thing! The German people, you know, love to be disciplined. That was the matter with the Republic—it didn't give any orders. But now Hitler is snapping them into line, giving them 'pep' and purpose. They're got something to live for again, they're for Hitler to a man. You ought to see the young people —and hear them sing! Hitler's got every last one of the boys and girls—you'll see them marching everywhere. It's a great country these days!"

Here is an interesting and important statement—interesting because genuine, important because typical of what is destined to be an ever-growing body of opinion, in America and elsewhere. The shifting winds of judgment are going to be much the same in the case of Hitler as they have been in the case of Mussolini. A disciplined state, like a disciplined army, can make a thrilling impression.

My cabin steward has wonderful stories, too. He seems all agog over the new gun-boats, and the aeroplanes, and the army barracks. A good many of the planes, he says, came from the United States. "Yah, I see them unloading from the ships in Hamburg every trip." Like my American passenger friend, he thinks it all very marvelous. "You keep your eyes open, and you see."

Yes, I'll see! I am launching out in this adventure into Germany with one determination, and that is to study the Nazi problem all anew. I am going to do the same thing that I did when I first went into Russia—namely, strip my mind of every preconception and see things precisely as they are. My mind, I know, is marked deep with impressions of the last two years, but, so far as it is humanly possible, I am resolved to wipe it clean and thus make it a *tabula rasa* for what I shall now see and hear. Especially am I determined, in all fairness, to get the Nazi point of view—to understand these men and their triumphant movement as they themselves see it and would justify it. That point of view I have never had, and I propose now to lay hold upon it, as a basis of just estimate.

I shall enter Germany with excellent standards of comparison. I went to this country first in 1922, in the early days of the Weimar Republic, when the government, with no aid or even sympathy from the Allies, was battling for its life. The people, still stricken with the horror of the war and the outrage of the peace, were staggering under the grievous burden of the

reparations. The inflation was starting, and the first repercussions of that incredible disaster were upon them. I went to Germany a second time in 1931, when Chancellor Bruening was struggling against terrific odds to maintain the nation's credit. Social disintegration was evident on every side. The country was obviously dropping to pieces. It had suffered more than it could stand! On the other hand, the Communists were militant, and the Nazis were rising like a vast flood-tide to power. Now, for the third time I shall enter the Reich and see it as ruled by Hitler. Against such backgrounds, how will the land appear?

On this ship all seems very quiet and peaceful. The turmoils of America behind and of Europe before seem far away in these vast spaces of the ocean. And even such turmoils seem petty as we look on seas and stars and catch dim glimpses of the cosmos. A curious thing is man, and God is very patient with him.

II

The worst landing I ever experienced, or expect ever to experience, was in Alexandria. Those two hours linger in my memory as a kind of dreadful nightmare. When I think of the chance of my going to hell, I smile, for Satan is sure to be bitterly disappointed. The first assault of his black imps will be nothing to the assault of those black porters on the Alexandrian docks. I shall laugh in Satan's face at the tameness of his terrors, for he can do nothing to compare in horror with what Egypt gives its visitors.

In utter contrast, take the landing today at Hamburg! This ranks as the best I have ever experienced —the easiest, the pleasantest, the most sensible. Four hours before we reached the dock, at Cuxhaven, customs, passport, and railway officials boarded our ship from a light tender and took their appointed places in the cabin. Here we were received with courtesy, handled with speed, and given all possible information. At the same time, between decks, our baggage was examined—if "examined" is the word. Of my two bags, one was not opened at all, and the other simply had its cover raised and then immediately closed again. No search for literature, no examination of papers, not even any suspicion of contraband! At the very threshold of my entrance into the Reich, I am persuaded that there may be gross exaggerations in the stories we are told. Within an hour the whole thing was over, and the passengers were all on deck enjoying the entrance into one of the noblest harbors in the world.

Hamburg is located on the river Elbe. For some four or five hours one sails between the banks of the narrowing stream, passing villages, summer resorts, beaches, parks, and the endless variety of water traffic. Great steamers were coming in and going out, and at the same time excursion boats and little sailing craft, and even canoes with the curious double-ended paddles, were dodging here and there. A huge Russian vessel, with the hammer-and-sickle flag flying at the stern, attracted our particular attention. On and on we went, the banks of the river, as far distant as we could see, carpeted with vivid green, clothed with great stretches of glorious trees, and dotted with the red roofs so characteristic of this lovely land. It was as though an ocean liner should sail up the Hudson as far as Poughkeepsie to find her dock! At last, about six o'clock, the city came in view, the great docks and the enormous black steel cranes clustering in one vast confusion of array. There was a squall of rain as the "President Harding" was pulled into her berth, but the sun was shining here and there through the clouds, and the lingering light of these latitudes promised a long evening.

We had missed the 7 P. M. express to Berlin, so there was nothing to do but stay over night in Hamburg and take the Sunday morning train. Across the street from the railroad station was the Berlinerhof, and there I took refuge in an excellent room at 4 marks (a little over one dollar!). After a hurried wash-up and a cable sent on its way to America, I sought the streets, as I always do in a strange city, and strolled about to catch my first glimpses of the new Germany. What did I see to attract my interested attention?

First, the huge Swastika on the Bahnhof! Yet I seemed to notice few of these Nazi emblems about. There had been many German flags in the harbor, but none with the twisted cross. The customs officials didn't have them, the Hamburg police showed no sign of them, and I passed many young men in uniform who had no Swastika bands upon their arms. Indeed, I have still to see my first Swastika sleeve-band.

"Adolf Hitler Platz," the great square with the historic Rathaus, was sure evidence of the new day. Also "Ludendorffstrasse!" But such names were not strange to me, who came from a city which has placed a "Pershing Square" right in front of its Grand Central Station. We all do this sort of thing.

The war monument, by the bridge leading out of one end of the Platz! This is an amazingly impressive example of the new, or modernistic, architecture —just two huge slabs, like Brobdignagian children's blocks, standing on end and towering toward the sky. On the one side, seen as you enter the square, is a bas-relief of a seated mother, mourning with her child at her knee, done in lines suggestive of old Egyptian sculpture. On the opposite face of the monument, seen as you leave the square, was a simple inscription stating that *"Vierzig Tausand"* (forty thousand) young men of this city had died that "you might live, 1914-1918." It was worth while pondering that figure for a moment—40,000 dead in Hamburg alone, which is more than half as many men as all America lost in the Great War! And we think we suffered in that struggle, and did something to end it! It would be well for us to be very humble—and cancel the debts.

A stroll across the Platz—and I saw an amazing thing. An imitation bomb, such as were dropped from aeroplanes during the War, set up on end and bearing the inscription that "air-protection is self-protection." There was also an announcement of air-raid drills, a description of police signals and warnings, etc. Hardly had I gotten over this, when I encountered another one of these air-bomb monuments, this one set up on the bank of the river. An inscription stated that a bomb of this design and weight had been dropped on Karlsruhe in August, 1916, and had killed 110 children, and more than 200 "persons" in all. On the other side was a second inscription to the effect that to every German air-protection is a matter of solemn duty. It gave me the shivers to see these monstrous things and read these horrible inscriptions. But this is what Europe has come to—every nation living in terror of its neighbors' air-force! To let the people know of the dread shadow under which they live, would seem to be an elementary duty of any government in this part of the world. But the situation makes ridiculous, if not wicked, our American state of mind on this question. What have *we* got to fear from bombing planes comparable to what these people think of day and night?

A great church not far away, and on it a huge propaganda poster, or sign, recruiting for National Socialism! "Be a Socialist not of words (*Worte*) but of deeds (*Tagen*)" ran the legend, addressed primarily, I suppose, to the youth of the city. It still seems curious to me to think of Socialism in connection with the Nazi movement. (There's an answer, by the way, to the silly charge, so often heard in America, that Socialists, after all, are only Communists!) And I pondered the possible significance of such a poster as this on a Christian church.

By this time I was tired, and went into a "movie" just as the show was beginning at "9 *heure.*" A crash of music—and there flashed on the screen a hideous picture of a man arrayed in a gas-mask, with a flaming city behind him! Then came a voice which seemed to be speaking about bomb attacks from the sky. The audience was very still, but I lost many crucial words, and could only guess as to exactly what was being said. But I assume that this was one more attempt to discipline the people to their danger.

This done, there came the news-reel—and I felt myself at home immediately! For what did I see? The new German war ships foaming through the seas, and shooting vast billows of black smoke-clouds into the skies—regiments of trench-troops parading with shovels in Thuringia—regiments of sailors goose-stepping down the Unter den Linden in Berlin—superb gymnastic performances by disciplined companies of boys and girls—thrilling pictures of air-maneuvers in some recent public exhibition—and so on! I could close my eyes—or rather, in this case, open them wide—and believe myself to be looking at a news-reel in any one of our great New York theatres. "Aren't we all," as the English playwright put it in his drama some seasons ago? Yes, "aren't we all" playing this same military game to the limit? Why pick on Germany? If anything fills me with satisfaction in the third Reich, it is this insistence upon tearing up the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty and meeting the Allies on their own terms. Let it never be forgotten that, if Europe is on the verge of war today, it is because the victors in the Great War, after disarming Germany as a condition of their own pledged disarmament, went right straight ahead building up their armies and navies anew, and thus preparing a new Armageddon. There is a terrible justice in what Germany is now doing in reaction against this betrayal of the Peace. Let this never be forgotten, especially by pacifists!

Well, this is enough, perhaps, for my first night in Germany. Tomorrow to Berlin—happily a Sunday, and thus a quiet interlude before I plunge into the host of new experiences that await me!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

---

## The Stranger

Something must have attracted the Stranger's attention as he passed along the pavement, for he stared at one of the brass plates by the entrance of No. 43 and after a moment's hesitation he walked in. He asked the lift-boy for the fourth floor.

When he stepped out of the lift the stranger glanced along the corridor and made for a door where the gilt letters on the glass panelling spelled the words "Society for Anti-Religious Propaganda." The Stranger entered and asked to see the secretary. While he waited his observant eye took in the rows of prim files, the shelves of scientific works, the framed photographs of those nineteenth century scholars who were the giants of Rationalism.

The secretary entered and shook hands. He had an efficient head that peered forward from his wiry, efficient body. He was clean-shaven and his dark hair was cut close. He took an immediate liking to the Stranger because the Stranger's hand was hard and muscular and because he came straight to the point.

"You see," said the Stranger after asking a few questions, "I did a good bit of anti-religious propaganda myself many years ago, and I'm naturally interested to know what lines you work on now-a-days. Where do you find your chief obstacle?"

"Obstacles are numerous," replied the secretary, "but I think the power of the priests is the biggest. You see, theirs is a big vested interest."

"Don't I know it!" the Stranger answered, "It was just the same in my time. Whited sepulchres, I used to call them, and they hated me. Tell me,

do you get much help in your work from the wealthy people?"

The Secretary shrugged his shoulders. "Very little, I'm afraid. You must realize the intimate connection between wealth and religion. The churches are financially dependent on the rich for their very existence; and the rich have always used them as a barrier against social revolt."

The Stranger smiled. "Times have not changed very greatly, I'm afraid," he said, "for we always found the priests hand-in-glove with the capitalists. I used to tell the pious people of my time that they devoured widows' houses."

"What did you make of the attitude of the State?" asked the Secretary.

"Well," said the Stranger, "I worked among an oppressed people, where the religion was not that of the rulers. Consequently, there were often clashes between our priests and the governing race. But the crisis always found them out: both the priests and the rulers feared the truth so much that they would always combine to suppress it."

"That is interesting," remarked the Secretary, "for it is certainly still true today. I suppose one of the scandals of our administration in India is the way in which the Government, which does nothing itself to remove the evils of caste and untouchability, prevents any possibility of an Indian Government that might tackle these problems. The government is neutral in religion and the priests are neutral in politics; yet somehow their combined neutrality keeps the country ignorant and oppressed. And then there are the missionaries . . ."

"Ah," said the Stranger, "and no doubt the ruling race talks meanwhile about its good works, and the religious people over here pander to its conceit?"

The Secretary nodded vigorously. "Exactly," he corroborated.

"I remember," said the Stranger, rising from his chair and standing by the open window, "how that was always the big thing we had to fight; I mean humbug. I told them once about the kings who held dominion over other people and were called 'benefactors' or 'philanthropists.' I had to tell my own followers how that was the big thing they must avoid. I think this cant about 'doing good to people' is the biggest piece of hypocrisy that religion has perpetrated. We have no right to talk about helping other people till we get off their backs; and that is why I told the rich that they must give all they had to the poor. Benefactors, indeed! Why, it is easier for a camel—"

"But one moment," interrupted the Secretary, "aren't you going rather far? In overthrowing religion we have no wish to set up a new fanaticism. That would be especially rash now that we are at last making some headway and becoming respectable."

The Stranger laughed. "But that is exactly where you meet your greatest danger," he explained. "Woe to you when all men speak well of you, for so their fathers did to the false prophets. I assure you that if you are becoming respectable you are in serious danger of becoming religious yourselves. Why, people already speak of you as a cult; and isn't it true that you have kind of services with Sabbatarian regularity and decorum?"

It was the Secretary's turn to laugh, for he was a good-humored fellow. "There's something in that," he said non-committally, as he opened the door; for the Stranger had put on his hat and was evidently on the point of departure. "I am pleased to have met you, and I should rather like to know," (he added as the other stepped into the lift) "for what Society you were working and whether it is still in existence."

"Oh, it is still in existence all right," replied the Stranger. "I don't know what they call it now, but I used to call it the Kingdom of God." With those words the lift carried him beyond the astonished stare of the Secretary, who gazed at the lift shaft for fully thirty seconds before he retraced his steps to the door of his office. His colleague met him with an inquiring eye.

"Another madman," said the Secretary.

REGINALD A. REYNOLDS.

*London, England.*

---

## Via Dolorosa

**California, 1934**

While Christ was scourged along the road of pain
In California in 1934,
His churches mingled with the mob,
Applauding at each savage lash
And cheering for each brutal jest;
Greedy for lies
To twine into a crown of thorns;
And shepherds of his flock
Reached out to grasp and swing the scourge
When the rough soldiers
Wearied or lacked skill.

We will not scorn you.
If you had *seen* the thorns,
And Roman soldiery
In California,
The scarlet robe and silly wand,
And naked agony upon a cross,
You would have rushed to save your Lord
Or die on crosses by his side.

But you could see
Only—Sinclair,
A gray, small man
Worn with long toil
For the lost sheep whom Jesus loved.
The heaven of which he spoke
Was peace on earth, good will to men,
And brotherhood to bind the world
In one great war
On misery and wrong.

And this, for which Christ died,
Was "radical" and "Communism."
The rulers said, "He stirreth up the people."
A slavish press screamed,
"He would destroy our temples;
"Atheist, traitor, blasphemer, vile!
"Away with him!
"We'll have no king but Mammon."

And so once more
The churches of the Living God
And Suffering Christ
Were numbered with the hired mob
That cried,
"Give us not this man but Barabbas."

WILLIAM H. ROBERTS.

# Thomas More—On the 400th Anniversary of His Execution (1535-1935)

Twenty-four years after Columbus made his great discovery and nine years following the publication of reports of the Florentine Amerigo Vespucci, as a result of which the minds of men became agitated by the potential wealth and wonders of the new continent, there appeared in the year 1516 in Louvain, under the editorship of the immortal Erasmus, a slim volume written in Latin and destined to become a classic of literature to be treasured by all "dreamers of fraternity of all peoples." "Utopia," from the Greek *autopus*—no place, is the title of the book; its purpose being a satirization of the political and economic abuses then prevalent in Europe and a general description of an Island of Utopia, found presumably by one Raphael Hythloday, Vespucci's fellow traveler. It was the author's conviction that there was not in the whole world either a better people or a happier government; industrious, apt to learn, cheerful and pleasant, than the one found by Raphael; the latter spending five full years among those people in order to learn their means and ways toward a fairer social order. Who is the author and what is his dream?

*More the Man*

Four hundred years ago, on July 6, 1535, Sir Thomas More, British statesman-philosopher, died on the block charged with treason for refusing to acknowledge Henry VIII as the new head of the Church of England to replace the sovereignty of the Pope. A brilliant lawyer, a Catholic scholar, he was appointed in the year 1515 Under-Sheriff of London and in 1529 was made Lord High Chancellor. The Pope bestowed upon him the title Defender of the Faith—a token of devotion to principle and free conscience which was instrumental in bringing him under the executioner's axe when he was barely fifty-seven. While on a mission to Belgium, at the age of thirty-six, he wrote and published his satire which lifted him from a convict's fate to immortality.

More felt that he could not enslave himself to any king, nor could he accept unchallenged the proud, morose and absurd judgments of things as they were. He realized that force of habit and power of custom often vitiate men's taste to such a degree that bitter things may appear sweet. As a personal protest, the confidential envoy of the Court set out upon a search, from within, for States that are well and wisely governed, with no idle noblemen and drones that subsist on other men's labor; with no rulers who apply themselves more to imperialism and the affairs of war than to the useful arts of peace, keeping their masses in poverty and under laws of slavery and ignorance lest they reach that height of spirit that might otherwise prompt them to rebel. It was More's conception of a manifestation of the "divine law" that man is a changeable creature, and that nothing in the world can be of equal value with man's life. From this he drew the inescapable conclusion that injustice and exploitation, the cursed avarice of the few and the misery of the many, must be done away with—a task he undertook to accomplish with pen in his masterpiece.

*More the Dreamer*

The ideal commonwealth, according to the author of "Utopia," is made up of a federation of fifty-four cities, each sending annually three of its wisest to the great council at Amaurot, the capital, to consult about their common concerns. Their streets are wide, beautified with gardens, and are well sheltered from winds. Local life centers about the individual family, headed by a master and a mistress. The oldest male is the governor of the family. Over every thirty families a magistrate is elected by secret vote. To prevent overcrowding, no city may contain more than six thousand families. City and country life is harmonized by having half of the grown people of each city family sent, in turns, to the country, where in well-fitted and comfortable farmhouses they learn by working the art of agriculture. After two years in the country, they are replaced by others. To combat monopoly, it is decreed that "every man has by the laws of nature a right to such a waste portion of earth as is necessary for his subsistence"; thus antedating Henry George by many centuries. There is no strict property; within reason, every man has a right to everything. Abuse is guarded against by an intelligent realization and sense of individual responsibility, brought about by the primary functions of a justly-arranged social order, that if care is taken for everyone to do his honest share the public stores will be kept full and no one can want anything; there being no unequal distribution, none is poor, none in necessity. In addition to a working knowledge of agriculture, every man and woman is master of some kind of menial trade; for there is no sort of trade of constructive value that is not in great esteem among them. The magistrates see to it that the needs of the town and country are freely and fully met, with the least possible delay or hardship. The problem of a fair distribution of the wealth of the nation, with the elimination of riotous wealth in the hands of a small unethical minority in face of privations affecting a huge majority, is solved by the workable plan whereby all manufactured products are brought by the producers to centrally located storehouses and thither every father goes and takes whatsoever he or his family stand in need of, without either paying for it or leaving anything in exchange; and there is no room nor reason there for giving a denial to any person, since there is such plenty of everything; and there is no danger of a man's asking for more than he needs; having no inducements to do this since they are sure that they shall always be supplied. It is fear of want, argues justly More, that makes any of the whole race of animals either greedy or ravenous.

Every block has its community dining halls where a wholesome variety of dishes are served daily; children under five years of age eating with their nurses while those over five serve their elders. Their dinners and suppers are introduced by some brief and interesting moral discourse, immediately followed with music, meats, fruits, perfumes, fragrant ointments and sweet waters. Individualists, of course, may eat at home; but where is the sense of doing it, queries the author, since it is both ridiculous and foolish for any to give themselves the trouble to make ready an ill dinner at home, when there is a much more plentiful one made ready for him so near at hand. The women still hold the key position in the household, where those of every family take turn in the dressing, cooking and ordering of the tables, leaving all the uneasy and sordid services to the slaves; the latter being drawn from the ranks of those captured in battle, convicted for crime and adultery, and poor neighbors from foreign lands offering their services for a fee.

Unlike the hopelessly entangled fruitless gropings of modern legislatures, the explicit duty of the national assembly of Utopia is to "examine what towns abound in provision and what are under any scarcity, so that the one may be furnished from the other; and this is done freely, without any sort of exchange; for according to their plenty or scarcity they supply or are supplied from one another; so that indeed the whole island is, as it were, one family." In view of the outstanding fact that the chief aim of their efforts is to meet ethically human needs and to offer as much leisure as is necessary for the improvement of their minds, in which they think the happiness of life consists, a six-hour working day is in vogue; and that is considered rather too much, when available wealth and willing labor is taken into consideration. The leisure time is left to the individual for reading, lectures, gardening in summer and music plus entertainment by discourse in winter. Inhuman competition of an immoral rugged individualism being unknown, the people vie with each other in harmless yet delightfully constructive and stimulating pursuits, as to whose garden is prettier. They don't bolt their doors; and every man may enter into any house whatsoever.

Their social and foreign relations are not based upon an "empty shadow of virtue"; instead, they are guided by an altruism which is strongly backed by reason. Aware of the universal fact that happiness is the urge behind all exertion and pleasure the ultimate goal, they plan their local and national economy so that their pursuits "neither injure any other person nor lose the possession of greater pleasures, and of such as draw no troubles after them." Specifically, they emphasize the universal desire for health, as the highest pleasure of the body; and knowledge, good conscience and the contemplation of truth, as the greatest pleasures of the mind. Money being of no value, the Utopians make their chamber-pots and close-stools, as well as their chains, fetters, and ear-rings (badges of infamy) out of gold and silver; while pearls and diamonds are children's toys, readily discarded as they grow older. They

> wonder much to hear that gold which in itself is so useless a thing, should be everywhere so much esteemed, that even man for whom it was made, and by whom it has its value, should yet be thought of less value than this metal.

On the important problem of crime prevention, this vital suggestion is gleaned:

> If you suffer your people to be ill-educated and their manners to be corrupted from their infancy, and then punish them for those crimes to which their first education disposed them, what else is it to be concluded from this but that you first make thieves and then punish them . . . it were much better, counsels the statesman, to make such good provision by which every man might be put in a method how to live, and so be preserved from the total necessity of stealing and of dying for it.

Prevention is still worth more than superficial cure; and the removal of the causes and roots of troubles are necessarily the only way to a workable and desirable solution.

In religion, they worship Mithras—a conception of God as the fountain of all good. They do not fail to pass severe judgment upon ministers and their flocks who, to cover the universal betrayal of Christ's Golden Rule and his gospel of the unity of the family of nations under one loving fatherhood, "have fitted his doctrine, as if it had been a leaden rule, to their lives (whereby) men become more secure in their wickedness by it." More makes it clear that an honest follower of Christ cannot serve two masters, God and Mammon; and must not condone exploitation of man by man, whether it be in the field of economics or intellectual and spiritual. A gentle unprejudiced mind is the Utopian guide toward light in all their private and public discussions: it is firmly grasped among them that the happiness and full growth of the individual is inseparably bound with the well-being of the whole. The aged and the ill are well taken care of in public institutions. There are no charges nor stigmas attached. The remains of those who meet life's climax cheerfully are burned; while those who pass out unhappily, their bodies are deposited under sod. Incurables, suffering from continuous physical discomfort and pain, are suggested opium or voluntary starvation as the easiest way out. But each case must be passed upon previously by the authorities. More's ideas on property and government form a succinct chapter on militant Marxism and extreme idealism three centuries and a quarter before Marx and Engles inaugurated their international crusade in the interests of the oppressed of the world. To speak plainly my sentiments, says the dreamer of a just social order, I must freely own that as long as there is any property, and while money is the standard of all other things, I cannot think that a nation can be governed either justly or happily: not justly, because the best things will fall to the share of the worst men; nor happily, because all things will be divided among a few (and even these, adds the author, are not in all respects happy), the rest being left to be absolutely miserable. He explains this situation clearly—when every man draws to himself all that he can compass, by one title or another, it just needs follow, that how plentiful soever a nation may be, yet a few dividing the wealth of it among themselves, the rest must fall into indigence. As to the role of ruling classes as he has known them, he is convinced that "they are a conspiracy of the rich, who on pretense of managing the public only pursue their private ends . . ." thus preserving wealth illy acquired and upholding by legal means the exploitation of the multitudes by the privileged few. What justice is there in this, begs More, that so many idle parasites have it all while the actual producers of wealth, without whose labors society cannot exist, live the life far below the level of the beast and no security for the morrow?

The people of Utopia have few laws, no lawyers and in place of leagues lay their trust in the common ties of humanity and the partnership of human nature; therein mutual aid and kindness unite "men more effectually and with a greater strength than any agreements whatsoever; since thereby the engagements of men's hearts become stronger than the bond and obligation of words." Of human warfare they think that there is nothing more inglorious than that glory that is gained by the wholesale shedding of human blood; though they are prepared to defend themselves and their friends from any unjust aggressors, even to the extent of assisting an oppressed nation in shaking off the yoke of tyranny. According to More, bears, lions, boars, wolves, and dogs, may employ their bodily force one against the other; but man, by dexterity, good conduct, reason and understanding, may and can accomplish his legitimate aims more readily, without bloodshed and beastly destruction of life and property. The spectacle of an armed Europe with standing armies training "their soldiers in the art of cutting throats," elicits from the future Lord High Chancelor the admonition—The fate of the Romans, Carthagenians, and Syrians, and many other nations and cities which were both overturned and quite ruined by their standing

armies, should make others wiser. Has modern Europe, and the world at large, taken that lesson to heart during the four hundred years from the year these ominous words were penned by one who stood so high in the councils of the Court? The indications are that men don't learn and don't grow wiser, as More hoped. The active and trained reserve of the world's armed forces in 1913 embraced an enormous destructive power of 29,095,228 mothers' sons, held ready for murder and death at the expenditure of $1,300,285,354. The insane brutalities and destruction of life and wealth during the four years of the World War bears witness to the effect. Has that been a sufficient lesson to grow wiser? The world's armed forces in 1934, after the world was made safe from militarism and for democracy (?!), reach the unbelievable total of 38,473,994; 12,275 recorded aircraft messengers of death; all held at the expense of $3,195,150,370!!! Ready for what? . . . And there are some who still believe that ours in the "age of reason."

On this anniversary of his execution, there is a heartening message from the Troubadour of the Commonwealth of Utopia for the present generation. From cradle to grave modern civilization rushes men and women to an untimely death in the whirlwind of a mad scramble for an illusive paradise with dissatisfaction, discord and heartache in trail. Yet out of the old pages of "Utopia" a gentle voice whispers to those ears willing to listen—

> Friend: what can make a man so rich as to lead a serene and cheerful life free from anxieties? . . . No man ought to seek his own conveniences as to prejudice others.

DAVID GITTLEMAN.

---

## Revery at a Tomb

Last week I stood beside the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. How wise they were who chose that hill above the Potomac for his final resting place. The open wind-swept hill is so much more fitting for a soldier's grave than the stuffy gloom of Westminster Abbey or the thoroughfare for motor traffic on the Champs Elysee. In Arlington he lies under the wide and starry sky, surrounded only by the nation's honored dead. His simple, handsome tomb stands before a marble amphitheater of chaste beauty, a memorial to all who have died in their country's service. It faces the nation's capital, which rises like a fairy city beyond the river.

As I stood beside the tomb and watched the bayonetted guard march back and forth in mock tribute to the dead, I wondered whether the Unknown Soldier had been a Jew. Why not? Had not thousands of Jews given their lives for their country in the last holocaust? I knew many of them personally. They trained with me in Plattsburg Barracks in the early Summer of 1918, and then embarked on the long journey from which they did not return. Some were ordinary fellows but full of the love of life, and never really believed they would be killed.

Then there were the gifted men who were touched by the war's idealism and gladly gave their lives to the sacrifice. Like David Hochstein. He was the outstanding American-born violinist. A marvelous career of glory, wealth and artistic satisfaction lay before him. Then came the war. For him it became a holy cause. The old evil world had to be destroyed and a shining new one erected on its ruins. He would not take advantage of his justified exemption from the military draft. Nor would he accept the offer to play in a regimental band, which would have kept him behind the lines and free from danger. It was a good fight and he wanted to be in it. . . . He was killed in action shortly before the war ended.

* * *

Perhaps the Unknown Soldier was my Plattsburg bunk-mate, Morton Cohen. He was a budding poet. His verses were tender, romantic and almost feminine in their sensitiveness. He was the very last person who should have gone to war. But his spirit had been stirred by the President's flaming phrases. He truly believed it was a war to end war, a crusade to make the world safe for democracy.

I remember the first day we marched together on to the drill-field for bayonet practice. Our instructor was a British officer, just returned from the front. With shrieking curses he aroused us to an insane fury against the straw dummies he was teaching us to attack as Germans. He pointed out the vulnerable parts of the human body, where a thrust meant a sure kill.

"Don't stick the Hun in the guts," he cautioned, "for if you do, he may get a death grip on the bayonet and you will lose it!"

I looked at Morton and he looked back at me, disturbed but resolute. That evening we went for a long walk. I asked him whether he had realized before that war was so evil that in it a piece of steel becomes more precious than a human life. He admitted he had never thought of it this way but felt none the less that the good to be accomplished more than justified the evil means that had to be employed. "Bloodshed and suffering are the price we pay for humanity's progress," he maintained. "If we can free the world from tyranny and war, it will justify anything."

Morton's brave young life was snuffed out by poison gas at the Somme. If it is he who rests beneath that tomb at Arlington, I am grateful he does not see the light of this day, does not know that the war which destroyed him also destroyed the ideals for which he died.

Or perhaps the Unknown Soldier is the lad whom my friend, Emil Oppenheimer, killed at Sedan. Emil is a Berlin lawyer, who fought in the German army from September, 1914, until November, 1918. In the last great battle of the war, he met a young American in hand-to-hand combat. Being stronger and more experienced, he swiftly ran his bayonet through the other's heart. As he watched the boy die, he heard him moan *"Shma Yisroel."*

"Why did I kill him?" Emil has since asked a thousand times. "What quarrel did I have with him? He was my brother Jew and I killed him!"

And now Hitler has decided that Emil, despite his splendid war record and his readiness to kill even Jews in the service of the Fatherland, is dis-

qualified from military service because he is a Jew. I do not know how Emil regards this decision, for he has not written recently. Perhaps he is in a concentration camp. But I have read that many of his compatriots are protesting against the decree and are insisting on their right to serve in the German army. This is an attitude I cannot comprehend. For myself, I would rather languish in jail, I would rather even die than render military service to Hitlerism.

If my voice could reach them, I would say, "Embrace your fate, my German brothers. The evils that have come upon you are the bitter fruits of war. For you to support war is to make a mockery of your suffering. Your mission and your destiny, your crown and your cross, are peace."

They are mine, too, I am convinced, as I commune with the spirit of the Unknown Soldier this Memorial Day.

*—Philip S. Bernstein.*

---

## Is Pacifism Doctoring Symptoms?*

*Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of war: see that ye be not troubled, for these things must come to pass; but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines and pestilence and earthquakes in divers places. All these are the beginning of the birth-pangs.*

Evidently one may be a pacifist, like Jesus or Isaiah, without the least expectation of peace, when there is no peace. There is something fundamental to peace; namely, justice; and short of that, the natural law runs: "No justice, no peace. Smite and you shall be smitten. Bite and you shall be bitten. Take up the sword and you shall perish by the sword; and woe to him by whom the offence cometh."

"All our political disasters grow as logically out of our attempts in the past to do without justice as thistles and nettles out of their seeds," says Emerson, the Pacifist.

But much that goes under the name of "Pacifism" is not fundamental. It is doctoring symptoms and raising false hopes, doomed to be disappointed by the natural law of unregenerate human nature, with feet not yet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. In a predatory world, with everybody getting an honest jungle living by eating up his neighbor, it is hopeless to recommend the abolition of teeth and claws; for how, in that event, shall we make an honest living?

Is anybody proposing to give up the butcher's cleaver wherewith he decapitates chickens—by proxy, of course? Obviously, not. But you and I and all America, like any toothsome people, are no more than chickens to the carnivorous wolf-packs, styling themselves "Christian nations." What are they up to at this minute? Licking their chops and sharpening claws. Wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them.

No, certainly, we have no quarrel with the realism of Isaiah and Jesus Christ. Peace will have to wait on justice, and the day when we shall cease to be jungle-cats, slavering for our neighbor's blood.

Meanwhile, most of us are fonder of peace than of justice, and fancy we can get the former by ignoring the latter, with a lie-down and take it philosophy, as the sheep before her shearers is dumb. Most assuredly real Pacifists are not interested in that sort of peace. On the contrary, they cordially agree with Tennyson:

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,
And Timur-Mammon grins from a pile of children's bones,
Is it peace or war? Better war. Loud war by land and sea.
War with a thousand battles and shaking a hundred thrones.

Exactly what we have always had, and always shall have, till we put Timur-Mammon out of business; or what is the same thing, till we cease to carry him on our shoulders and demand: "Why can we not have more such men?"

The moment we cast a diagnostic eye on civilization, we make the enlightening discovery of the game we are playing. "Good hunting," as Kipling calls it, smacking his lips. Or in the words of a great poet, Mother Goose, who never fails to hit the nail on the head:

By-low Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
To get a little rabbit-skin,
To wrap a Baby Bunting in.

Here is the game in a nutshell; a short history of civilization; the predatory life. Very nice for Baby Bunting; but what if you and I are the rabbit? Or preferably, the lion that Mr. Bunting has happened onto? Obviously it would be hard luck for Pacifism.

We object to "war," but do we object to it root and branch? For what is "war" after all but the merest symptom of the universal disease? A single move in the predatory game, through which the successful hunter becomes a parasite: a "skin-disease on the face of the people," as the late Russian aristocracy was dubbed by the pseudo-Prince Mike?

True, the disease always flatters itself with fine names, like "nobility; aristocracy; the best people," etc., which would apply equally well to any gang of thugs that should break into your house, kill half the family, enslave the rest, and appropriate the goods. "All honor, glory, and power to such nobles," says the foot-licking people.

Or should the gang fail in their noble enterprise, they would not be nobles; they would be dishonored, and their noble boots would remain unlicked.

They call it "war"; but this was the Big Business for ages, and is yet, wherever we can put it across. As for its industrial twin, he differs from his brother-in-arms only in being more cowardly, mendacious, and hypocritical. The old-fashioned barbarian gave you a chance for your life; but his modern equivalent—never. His whole game is: taking candy from the baby. Or shall we call it: skinning baby alive, and serving him up in cutlets, after the ironical recipe of Dean Swift for the relief of famine in Ireland? (And why not in America? An appetizing remedy, truly.)

Obviously, "business," old style or new, is baby's disease, or the ogre who has lived on baby-chop from time immemorial. And as this disease has always been popular with all nations, it is high time for a diagnosis, followed by the inquiry: What are we going to do about it?

Well, what did mother do with the fine-tooth comb, the blue ointment and the worm-medicine?

*Suggested by Mr. Ralph Westlake's article on "Geography and World Peace" in the March 4th issue of UNITY. While it is quite true, as Mr. Westlake concedes, that Socialists are non-violent in their methods, advocating no armed revolution, but recommending ballots instead of bullets, they are quite in accord with Jesus of Nazareth in his realistic views as to the program of the future.—F. K. G.

Lice, vermin, the itch—what were these to mother? Enemies! diseases! horrors! Anything to get rid of them! And we too, my brethren, so long as we aspire to be one another's diseases, will have mother after us with the insecticides.

The worst of it is, you never can tell whether you are not in league with the skin-disease. For what if we wake up some morning to the discovery that we have been selling rum, or rum sermons, or ditto law, politics, or whatever? Shocking! We are even more pestilential than whoso has been selling nothing at all. (The only safe plan, by the way, since practically all human activities are concessions to prejudice.)

How, then, to escape from this complicity with bugs, big and little? Clearly the only way is to cease from our jungle game under whatever flattering name; to take heed and beware of covetousness, whether in the name of "business," or "war." To stop worshipping the god of ogres and consider another game, whose commandment runs: "We therefore who are strong ought to bear the burdens of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

Hitherto we have given over all prizes and life itself to a competitive struggle, whose only rule is to win by hook or crook. With the result that a crookeder set of winners never drew breath. Witness the following from holy writ:

> I returned and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor riches to men of understanding nor favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

> 'Tis like a fable from the land of spirits,
> When any man obtains that which he merits,
> Or any merits that which he obtains.

So much for our merit-system.

Obviously, we are the worst possible judges of human merit or demerit. In view of which incapacity, our safest rule would be: to reward all services indifferently, and so make sure that we have not rewarded vice and punished virtue, after the way of the cute little world.

Poor little purblind world, alwavs waking up to the humilating discovery that it has squandered its all on knaves and fools, and left Homer to beg his bread, as usual. Or better still, say we, why not jail him, hang him, burn him, crucify him for good measure, and give the plaudits to Pontius Pilate, Caiaphas, Barabbas, and Judas Iscariot? Enough said. We never fail to do exactly that; but the Cooperative Commonwealth, we should hope, would have sense enough to take no risks, and give no monopoly of pabulum to popular pulpit thumpers, pied piper politicians, and bulbous Babbitts.

For example, I should hesitate to serve on the tar-and-feather committee against Senator Huey Long, for fear he might turn out a savior of society. In any case, somebody has got to make our blunders for us; and the laborer is worthy of his hire. Fortunately, there is no question of hire enough, so long as we make the right blunders.

In view of the above diagnosis, are we willing or able to quit the verminiferous function? Is all America, or the round globe? If so, they are way ahead of me. Let others speak for themselves, but actions speak louder than words; and ten to one, when it comes to brass tacks, we will be found voting for Capitalism, which will vote for war. For foreign war? Certainly, on the slightest provocation; or for civil war, if so be, not Socialism, but some reform partly shall be the writing on the wall for wage slavery, as the Republican Party was for chattel slavery in '61. In which event, the reform President will put down the slavocrat rebellion as remorselessly as Lincoln.

The truth is, there is no taking the bone from the lion's teeth without trouble ahead. The king of beasts has teeth and claws; and that bone of his will be a bone of contention. This philosophy dates from the jungle, and is still in high favor the world around, unless Soviet Russia is an exception?

"Europe could have peace tomorrow, if she would quit robbery and murder," said Henry the Fourth of France. But Europe did not quit or intend to quit—not as long as the hunting was good; and neither does America, abroad or at home. It is the game; the disease; the predatory life; the great game of taking candy from that great baby, the people, by all the Fatty Arbuckles of economic rape, with the orthodox logic: "We can't all be equals, of course; so hand over that candy!"

The effect of this jungle philosophy on religion is even more remarkable. Throw money among the people in the medieval fashion, and the most certified Christians are instantly converted into a mob of mad men, howling, cursing, clawing, even as you and I in the business melee. The Devil enters into us with the grab-game; till presently he becomes our God, to the ousting of Christianity or any religion but Satan's own. If any of us rebel and mention a beatitude, we are fired for heresy and schism. Thus are we converted into priests of rapine and chaplains of a pirate ship.

Evidently the origin of business and war is identical with the origin of comets, as explained by Tycho Brahe:

> They are formed (he gravely assures us) by the ascending from the earth of human sins and wickedness, converted into a kind of gas, and ignited by the anger of God. This poisonous stuff falls down again on people's heads, and causes all kinds of mischief, such as pestilence, Frenchmen, sudden death, and bad weather.

It sounds reasonable; and the only wonder is: Why, in view of such abundant materials, are there not more comets? We certainly do our part for the upkeep of these heavenly bodies.

We may hate war or not; but one thing we hate even worse, to-wit: hell and destruction. We may even come to hate our skin-disease; the human tuberculosis; the lice and vermin that have fastened upon us and condemned us to a lingering decline and an agonized death, like the Roman Empire before us, whose vitals were first eaten out by the internal disease before it could be successfully attacked by the foreign.

If so—if any people shall awaken to the biological doom which is at their vitals, they will make no bones of getting rid of it by whatever medicinal methods. Pacifism is not for the diseased. For them, anti-toxins, the deadly x-ray, and every kind of merciless exterminator that promises good riddance from bad rubbish.

Thus revolutions are seen to be biological convulsions, or war-to-the-knife against the predatory microbes, making you their meat. And as with other diseases, so with this one. The only good vermin are dead vermin.

So runs the recovery program of individuals and nations; and will so run till that time human beings no longer aspire to be each other's diseases. There is

a curse on all blood-suckers; but which is under the greater curse, they or their victims, time alone can tell, when the event proves that either the victim has been drained to the dregs of his life-blood, or the disease has been cast out and consigned to bottomless Gehenna.

It is for this reason that, whatever their cruelties, we may applaud the Soviets for making no truce with their disease, but chasing it out as best they can, with fire and sword, even as America in her first revolution. Granting that it was a rude remedy, it was the only one they understood; and not they alone, but the disease itself, which lost no time in scurrying out of the country.

The instinct of the nations to build up their resistance is inevitable as nature's, so long as we live under sentence of death from invading tubercles and predatory vermin. We are not yet out of the verminiferous era, or the jungle-game, if you prefer the nobler symbol. Meanwhile, as a cat's fur automatically rises at sight of a dog, so with the nations. They must needs believe their lacerated hides, which feelingly persuade them what they are: so many jungle-cats, crouching for their prey.

Of course, this is an error; and they ought to know, after so much good preaching from you and me, that they are all brethren and sisters under the skin, children of a pacifist father, and sons of one family. But somehow, their records are against this hypothesis and fail to convince.

"What," you exclaim, "is this your pacifist program? This merciless biology and interminable Katzenjammer?" Not at all. Not mine, but the Adversary's. What *I* want the lion to do, the next time he is beaten at the polls by President Heracles, is to make a handsome bow and say: "Heracles, you win," like a perfectly good lion. Ay, there's the rub. Have we any perfectly good lions? If not, we shall see President Heracles arrayed in that fine old classic overcoat of his, the lion's skin.

Notwithstanding, Mr. Gandhi has chosen wisely in selecting the deadliest of all weapons: the Word; the miracle-worker, confounding opposition, overturning in half an hour the prejudices of a lifetime, and winning a bloodless victory—perhaps? The word is the touchstone of human intelligence; and the event will prove whether the world is rational, or is still keeping up its infantile habit of learning nothing through its head, but only through its hide.

If so—if Gandhi and you and I and all of us should bring, not peace, but a sword—wars and rumors of war, social convulsions and revolutions, it would be all one to the muse of history. As Caesar said on the field of Pharsalia, carpeted with Roman dead:

"They would have it so."

Or as Emerson added centuries later:

"Better that races should perish, if thereby a new principle should be taught."

FRANKLIN K. GIFFORD.

---

## Religious Liberty and the Christian Conscience

The English-speaking commonwealths now possess, more than any other peoples, ideals and a vital literature, applying to civil and religious liberty. When the Barons of England—from some of whom not a few living Americans are lineally descended—met in the meadow of Runnymede, near London, June 15, 1215, they wrested from King John certain liberties that have been the glory of our people to the present time. The Bill of Rights, 1689, when William and Mary ascended the throne, more than confirmed the privileges granted by King John. It in fact and by implication extended the right to enjoy political and religious freedom to an extent before unknown. Included in these privileges were admittedly and necessarily what we call rights of conscience.

The securing of these rights was a legitimate result of the courage and steadfastness with which the preceding generation of Englishmen had accepted loss of property, prestige, imprisonments, death itself, rather than to violate their consciences as to their primary obligation to God with respect to their manner of worship, engaging in war, or yielding their minds or bodies to any form of conduct they considered to be sin. The law of Christ written in their own hearts and on the printed pages of the New Testament was the royal law by which they were ready to triumph or fall. We of England and America are today the inheritors of their faith, the guardians of the sacred privileges and immunities they have handed down to us. Are we, officially and individually, faithful to our trust?

What is conscience? It is defined as "the moral sense within one-self that determines whether one considers one's own conduct right or wrong." Again, "the act or power of moral discrimination; scrupulosity." Thus we have a "good conscience" when our decisions and actions are inspired by an unfeigned love for humanity—a love motivated by and complying with the Spirit and appeals of Jesus Christ. It cannot be otherwise. Gold, diamonds, realty, bonds, dominance, applause cannot be compared to an unsullied conscience before God.

Intolerance may seize governments and a majority of citizens, even in periods of peace. The visit of the United State fleet to the antipodes in 1908 caused a great wave of naval and military enthusiasm to sweep over New Zealand and Australia. A "Defense Act" was put into force in both countries. These acts demanded military training and were applied to children from fourteen years of age and upward. They were contrary to the very genius of our English traditions. A parliamentary return in New Zealand, 1913, reported 10,245 prosecutions of lads in a then population of about 1,100,000. Official figures, furnished by the secretary of the defense department of Australia, and confirmed from other sources, show that by 1913 there had been within two and one-half years 22,143 prosecutions of boys in that country. The sentences to "continuous detention" amounted to 2,999, but after that date they were largely increased in proportion to the number of subsequent prosecutions. The population of Australia was then about 4,800,000. Many children and their parents were fined. Lads from clean homes and Sunday schools were compelled to stand side by

side with "foul-mouthed" trainees. Space does not permit the presentation of details here. The history of the cruel punishments meted out to boys from fourteen years of age and upward in the fortresses, jails and military barracks of these two countries would be unbelievable were it not for the fact that it is substantiated by official and other reports. Can the silent grandure of the Southern Alps of New Zealand, the restless enterprise of the sturdy sons of Australia, the sweet countryside and human anchorage of England, the glory of the scenery and throbbing cities of America compensate for any loss of the better ideals inherited from our fathers, who purchased our liberties with poverty and blood?

Some may feel it is impossible to imagine that America should adopt universal compulsory military training. Who knows? What is the trend? Look at many of our high schools where preparation to hug the wolf of war is being exploited and extended, with military training and titles, urged on by pretty girl sponsors. What camouflage; what hiding from our youth the beastly characteristics of war; one step more and unanticipated legislation may, before we know it, invade the conscience of many of our people.

The demands of certain state educational institutions that young men may not participate in the advantages of higher education unless they surrender their Christian consciences and take military training strikes at the very root of our liberties as Christians and citizens. America at this critical hour needs young men and women whose hearts have been stirred by the ethical teachings of Jesus; we cannot afford, by public opinion or through legislative methods, to penalize the religious convictions of our youth.

Within the British Empire General Smuts of the Union of South Africa undoubtedly is considered its wisest statesman, its noblest champion of freedom. He is always called to London in times of national and international emergency. Upon the occasion of his installation as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University, October 18, 1934, in a notable address he proclaimed:

> The fair promise of nineteenth century progress has ended in disillusion. . . . There was the failure of the Great War. . . . There is a decay of principles which is eating at the very vitals of free government. . . . The disappearance of the freedom-loving individual, and his replacement by a servile mass-mentality, is the greatest human menace of our time. . . . The new dictatorship is nothing but the old tyranny writ large. I fear the new tyranny more than I fear the danger of another war. General Smuts urged the imperative need of not yielding to the "sterilizing tyrannies which are forging new shackles for the human spirit."

Where is the thoughtful, patriotic American citizen who would dare say that General Smuts was wrong? Experience reveals that when love of liberty has declined, the rights of conscience have been suppressed; when conscience has been suppressed, liberty has suffered. The decision of the early Christians—as recorded in the Book of Acts—that God must be obeyed rather than human authority when there is conflict between the two, in short, the imperial sovereignty of the Christ-created conscience, holds good today. Happily our great Church groups are being aroused to this menace of the hour; we cannot forget our storied past. Let us, as loyal members of the body politic, as followers of Jesus, hold fast to the intellectual and religious freedom, the finer Christian ideals, that have helped to make America beautiful and great.

WILLIAM C. ALLEN.

## The Study Table

### What the Soviets Have Done for Women

Here is a book* that is a real treasury of information. It might have been called "Woman in Russia," instead of "Woman in Soviet Russia." The author goes back to ancient times, and shows that in pre-Christian Russia women enjoyed great respect and power. Old ballads describe the warlike feats of heroines, and in many folk songs and surviving customs there are traces of the matriarchate, which lasted longer among the Slavs than with other European peoples. Women controlled their own property and chose their own husbands; and great women rulers, like Princess Olga, are still held in loving remembrance.

The conversion of Russia's rulers to the Orthodox Greek Church brought in from Byzantium a spirit full of oriental prejudice against women, representing them as utterly inferior, impure, perfidious, and the source of all evil. Aristocratic Russians hid their wives and daughters from the world in the "terem," a sort of zenana, and the nobler the family, the more severe the seclusion. As a bride, a woman received an iron wedding ring, while the bridegroom's was golden; and the bride's father presented her husband on the wedding day with a new whip. It is grievous to think of the subjection, misery and ignorance to which Russian women of the higher ranks were relegated for centuries. The peasant women and girls suffered ruthless wrongs at the hands of their feudal lords.

Gradually times changed. Russia, which had long been facing towards the east, began to face towards the west. Modern ideas crept in. A vast sectarian movement swept over the country, shaking Russia to its depths, and enlisting women as well as men. Catherine II, though her private life was as scandalous as those of the male monarchs of her time, founded some schools for girls. A few factories were built, a labor movement grew, and women were leaders of strikes, and often struck on their own account. A feminist movement also grew, with right and left wings. The French Revolution did not affect Russia deeply, till it became widely known there through George Sand's writings. The struggle against the autocracy was impending. Thousands of sons and daughters of the nobility refused to continue as parasites, and went among the peasants, to live like them and help them. Their efforts were treated as criminal by the government, and those who had begun as liberals became revolutionists, and finally terrorists. They were imprisoned, exiled to Siberia, subjected to all sorts of cruelty. A few of the men weakened, and became informers for the government; but no woman ever did. (Fannina Halle believes that the Russian women have more depth and

*Woman in Soviet Russia, by Fannina W. Halle. The Viking Press, New York. $4.50.

strength of character than the men, and that they were "the soul of the revolution." She cites a surprising number of cases where they actually fought.) Thrilling accounts are given of the heroism of many individual women—a few out of thousands. They make the reader's heart glow within him.

The international women's day, in February, 1917, brought in the revolution that swept away Tsarism. The government of St. Petersburg tried to prevent the celebration of the festival. An eye witness writes:

> The working women, driven to desperation by starvation and war, came along like a hurricane that destroys everything in its path with the violence of an elemental force. This revolutionary march of working women was the spark that set light to the great flame of the February revolution, that revolution which was to shatter Tsarism.

In what followed, the women took a leading part. Later on, after the civil war, when the Bolsheviki had come into power, Lenin praised the courage of those women who had fought on his side. He added:

> And the "Constitutional Democrat" ladies in Petrograd showed much more bravery in withstanding us than did the young lords.

Under Tsarism, a wife had been a mere appendage to her husband. She could not even take out a separate passport without his consent. The Soviet government immediately proclaimed full equal rights for women. It exerted itself to impress upon both men and women that women were to be treated as comrades and equals. Civil marriage was instituted, though anyone who wished could have an ecclesiastical ceremony afterwards. Legitimate and illegitimate children were given the same rights. Divorce could be had at the will of either party.

The sex question became the subject of widespread discussion, and all kinds of wild and queer ideas were set forth. Many young people held that there should be merely transient unions, about on a level with drinking a glass of water. Lenin expressed himself strongly on the other side. He said, in part:

> Of course, thirst cries out to be quenched. But will a normal person under normal conditions lie down in the dirt on the road and drink from a puddle? Or even from a glass with a rim greasy from many lips? But most important of all is the social aspect. Drinking water really is an individual concern. Love involves two, and a third, a new life, may come into being. That implies an interest on the part of society, a duty to the community. As a communist, I have not the slightest sympathy with the glass of water theory, even when it is beautifully labeled "love made free." I do not mean to preach asceticism. Communism is not meant to introduce asceticism, but the joy of life and vital vigor, attained partly through the fulfillment of love. But the hypertrophy in sexual matters which we often observe does not produce the joy of life and vital vigor, it detracts from them. Unbridled sexual life is bourgeois, a phenomenon of decadence. . . . Healthy bodies, healthy minds. Neither monks nor Don Juans, nor yet that half-and-half product, the German Philistine.

Under the Soviet régime, the use of contraceptives is encouraged, and abortion is authorized, though not encouraged. Yet it is claimed that Russia has fewer abortions in proportion to its population than any other country, and some comparative statistics are given. And the population is increasing faster than in any other country of Europe.

There are innumerable provisions for the benefit and protection of mothers and children. Lenin said: "We have the most progressive protective legislation for working women in the world." A woman is entitled to eight weeks' vacation, with pay, before and after her confinement; and there are countless maternity homes, kindergartens, schools of child care, crêches, etc. Every insured woman and the wife of every insured workman receives a baby's outfit from the state, and an allowance to enable her to suckle her child. Under Tsarism, there was little care for mother or child. The infant death rate went up every harvest time, because mothers left their babies while they worked in the fields. Now thousands of summer crêches take care of them. The details of the provisions for the protection of women and children fill many pages.

Prostitution in Russia has been practically wiped out; and one of the most amazing chapters of this remarkable book tells how it has been done. Under Tsarism, prostitution was a prominent feature; it was legalized, and regarded as necessary. No other country has succeeded in getting rid of it, though efforts have been made in many. Yet, in reckoning up the good and bad things in the Soviet Union, this wonderful achievement is seldom mentioned.

Every effort has been made to set women free from the drudgery of domestic service—a form of labor inherently uneconomic—so as to enable them to engage in productive work. Countless arrangements have been made for supplying cooked food. Someone says, "The separation of the kitchen and marriage is an event of even greater historical importance than the separation of church and state." Charlotte Perkins Gilman developed this idea many years ago in her striking tale, "What Diantha Did," now unfortunately out of print.

This book covers a vast field, and is so profusely documented that sometimes we can hardly see the forest for the trees. It is impossible to review it adequately in a limited space. But everybody who wishes to understand Russia should own a copy and study it.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

---

### A New Study of Christianity

The title of this volume* is reminiscent of the great work by Adolph Harnack written many years ago. Although many attempts have been made during the intervening years, none has been wholly successful; which has to be affirmed of the present effort. Without prejudice in the use of adjectives it is a highly entertaining and enjoyable piece of work; and that's something in these days. Such qualities grow partly out of a directness and simplicity of style which has acquired for the author the reputation of "making righteousness readable," partly from a wealth of popular though apt and dignified illustration.

Not many persons could have written this book. Harnack could not have written it, since he could never have tolerated so free and easy employment of New Testament scholarship. Harry Elmer Barnes could not have written it, because he would have insisted that Kirby Page knows more about Christianity than Jesus. The Editor of UNITY could not have written it, since so far as I am aware no mention is made of Gandhi.

*"What Is This Christianity?" by Edward S. Woods. Published by Harper & Brothers.

Even Father Coughlin could not have written it, since there is little mention of the accumulation of great wealth in the hands of the few. By a process of elimination such a book could only have been written by an Anglican bishop. Indulgence in paradox and inconsistency are probably the common failing of us all, but one seldom finds them employed with such consummate skill as by Bishop Woods. In speaking of Christianity as a society he says that

> With the great creeds no doubt it is best to let the formulae stand, and let each generation make its own interpretation of them.

On the same page he continues,

> I doubt if there is anything which so effectively hides the Christ from our own eyes, and from other men's eyes, as an unthinking use of fossilized phrases.

In his appeal for Christian missions the Bishop says, "The gospel works." However, it hasn't worked very well in Christian countries, at least in the elimination of greed, injustice, war. If these commodities are absent among primitive people one might ask, why bother them with Christianity? If they are unhappily current, what assurance have we that Christianity will work any better than it has with us?

Coming directly to the Bishop's answer, he finds six aspects which account for the origin and content of Christianity. As an Event the central feature of Christianity lies in the fact that the activity of God in this world came to a supreme focus in the person of Jesus. As an experience the early Christians found the horizon of their lives enlarged by the growing conviction that religion instead of consisting in obedience to the law finds its consummation in the love of God for man. If you ask for evidence of this you will find it in the gospel of the atonement. Christianity as a Fellowship places the good life in an entirely new setting, declaring itself to be intimately connected with human living. As a result of this fellowship, the individualism of the past is an outworn concept and no Christian can accept the status quo. So vital an element is this factor of Fellowship in human life that Bishop Woods points out that in Russia with all the familiar evidences of religion having been discarded one still finds a sense of human fellowship stronger than ever before. It is to recover this sense of fellowship before it is lost to the Christian Church for which he pleads. Christianity as an Adventure is designed to appeal to those elements of personality which are supposed to be associated with youth, and has for its objective the building of a new world. Christianity as a Society asks the question of what advantage is the Church, and what justification is there for carrying its mission and organization to foreign lands. Finally Christianity as a Victory sees in the practice of worship, prayer, communion, and silence, means of restoring the dissipated forces of personal life under conditions which do not obtain elsewhere.

In one of the chapters Bishop Woods reports that an army chaplain wrote home during the war saying that

> Religion in the mind of the average Tommy is a mosaic of killjoyism, Balaam's ass's ears, mothers' meetings, Athanasian damns, and the Archbishop of Canterbury at 15,000 pounds a year.

Tommy would get a lot of good ideas from such a book as this, but until this, that or the other Christianity becomes more completely emancipated from supernaturalism and provides us with much simpler directions as to how we are to know what God wants us to do, the entire question still remains unanswered.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

---

### Hymns for the People

UNITY published some weeks ago an article about Fred W. Shorter, the remarkable young clergyman who, ousted from his church in Seattle, promptly organized an independent "Church of the People." With remarkable success, in genuine response to his own ability, devotion, and heroism, a great following of men and women, of all classes, creeds and colors, have rallied around this man and supported his movement. In this pamphlet* we have the service book of the Church—the statement of Purpose, the Order of Sunday morning worship, and a small collection of hymns. In the well-printed pages we catch the spirit and see the ideal of this new cause. Fred Shorter is a true leader—a prophet of the new day now dawning out of stormy darkness upon the world.

J. H. H.

*The Church of the People, 25 cents. Send for copies to Rev. Fred W. Shorter, 41st Street and University Way, Seattle, Washington.

---

## The Field

(*Continued from Page* 162)

will be the religion of the future is a belief countenanced neither by induction nor deduction. However dominant may become the moral sentiment enlisted on behalf of humanity, it can never exclude that sentiment, alone properly called religious, awakened by that which is behind humanity and behind all other things. No such thing as a "Religion of Humanity" can ever do more than temporarily shut out the thought of a Power of which humanity is but a small and fugitive product, a Power which was in course of ever-changing manifestations before humanity was, and will continue through other manifestations when humanity has ceased to be.

**John Fiske**

The doctrine of Evolution asserts, as the widest and deepest truth which the study of nature can disclose to us, that there exists a Power to which no limit in time or space is conceivable, and that all the phenomena of the universe, whether they be what we call material or what we call spiritual, are manifestations of that Infinite and Eternal Power.

There is a power which is revealed every moment in every throb of the mighty dynamic life of the universe. That power we call God.

**John W. Draper**

Is there a vast spiritual existence pervading the universe, even as there is a vast existence of matter pervading it—a spirit which, as a great German author tells us, sleeps in the stone, dreams in the animals, awakes in man? Does the soul of man arise from the one—this universal spirit—as man's body arises from the other—the universal matter? Do they both in like manner return to their sources? If so, we can interpret human existence.

**Arthur J. Balfour**

We know too much about matter to be materialists.

**Henry Drummond**

Evolution includes the whole man, all that is in man, and all the work and thought and life and aspirations of man. It all comes from one great Source, the great Intelligence. From what other source could it come? There are reverent souls who scan the fields of nature in search of gaps—gaps which they fill up with God, as if God lived in gaps. But evolution shows God everywhere.

**David Starr Jordan**

The infinite expanse of the universe, its growth through immeas-

urable periods of time, the boundless range of its changes and the rational order that pervades it, all demand an Infinite Intelligence behind the manifestations. . . Modern Science has no kinship with atheism.

**Professor S. I. Bailey**

So far as we know, man is the latest development in the whirling star-mist. But the fact that he has intelligence enough to trace his evolution stands unexplained except by the presence in nature of an Intelligence far superior to his own.

**Thomas A. Edison**

Too many people have a microscopic idea of the Creator. If they would only study his wonderful works as shown in nature herself and the natural laws of the universe, they would have a much broader idea of the Great Engineer. Indeed, I can almost prove his existence by chemistry.

One thing is certain, the universe is permeated by Intelligence.

I tell you no person can be brought into close contact with the mysteries of nature, or make a study of chemistry, without being convinced that, behind all, there is a Supreme Intelligence. I am convinced of that. I think I can, perhaps I may sometime, demonstrate the existence of such Intelligence with the certainty of a demonstration in mathematics.

**Lord Kelvin and Baron Liebig**

In an address delivered at University College, London, Lord Kelvin (William Thompson, the eminent mathematician and physicist) related the following incident:

"More than fifty years ago, walking in the fields one day with Baron Liebig, the great German chemist, I asked him if he believed that the grass and flowers which we saw around us grew by mere electrical forces. He answered, 'No, no more than I believe that a book of botany describing them can grow by mere chemical forces.'"

**Minot J. Savage**

Here is a blade of grass. What is it? What is it that has pushed it up through the soil, that has given it its color of green, that makes it grow larger and larger every day? We say "nature"; but what is that? We say "life"; but what is that? Take this grass-blade, let it dry and wither, pulverize it, turn it back to dust, burn it, until you have only the moisture, the gases, the minerals that composed it, and have you the grass blade? You have all that your senses can come in contact with; but what is the difference between the dead and pulverized grass-blade and the live one? Can any man on earth explain the difference without uttering the great word God? This blade of grass is a part of the universal life and spirit that is shining from its distant suns, that is swinging the planets in their orbits, that is beating in my heart, that is throbbing in my brain, that is in this mysterious thing which we call consciousness, which enables me to think *"I"* and to ask a question. It is the same life in the grass-blade that is in the *"I,"* that is in all things—Infinite Life, the Soul of the World. What other name for it is there but God?

**John Haynes Holmes**

I am not an atheist, for three reasons. Atheism is wholly dogmatic in its attitude toward life. Atheism is utterly negative in its approach to life. Atheism explains nothing, and this universe demands an explanation.

**Octavius B. Frothingham**

Definitions of God have been vanishing, idols have been tumbling, symbols have been falling away; but the Being has been steadily coming forward, from the background, looming up from the abyss.

**Charles W. Eliot**

The evidence is overwhelming that there exists an Eternal Energy, which is intelligent and purposeful, and which infuses and inspires the whole creation every instant of time and throughout the infinite space.

**Alfred N. Whitehead**

If religion evolves to its final satisfaction, it runs through three stages. It is the transition from God the void (no God) to God the enemy, and from God the enemy to God the companion.

**Sir Francis Younghusband**

This universe is not a vast machine of which we are merely insignificant cog-wheels driven by a blind force. It is an organism of which we are among the self-active constituent parts, each with an individuality of his own. It is a living universe, or we could not have been brought forth by it. And it is a spiritual universe, or we would not be animated by spirit. We cannot contemplate it as a whole without being impressed by its power and majesty. And we cannot examine it in detail without being struck by its intelligence and its beauty. The manner of our birth shows that it is driven by the power of Creative


# UNITY

**of**

**JULY 15, 1935**

*Will be a memorial number in honor of*

# JANE ADDAMS

This issue will contain a broadcast by Miss Addams. Among the signatures of the twenty-five tributes already in hand, not before in print, are those of John Haynes Holmes and Louis L. Mann, Senators George W. Norris and Cordell Hull, Upton Sinclair and Edwin Markham, Secretary Wallace and Mr. Harry Hopkins, Mrs. Roosevelt and James Weber Linn.

Many extra copies will be called for. Please order if possible by July 1st.

| | |
|---|---|
| **Single Copies** | **$ .15** |
| **50 Copies** | **5.00** |
| **100 Copies** | **10.00** |

**Unity Publishing Company - 700 Oakwood Blvd.**

**Chicago, Illinois**

Love. And taking it in the whole, Truth, Goodness, Justice, Beauty, Love, form its supreme and all-inclusive character.

**H. G. Wells**

Until man has found God, and has been found by God, he begins at no beginning and works to no end. . . Nothing in the universe or in man's life falls into place except with God; with God who fights with man and through man against everything that is evil; who loves us all as a great captain loves his men, and stands ready to use us in his immortal adventure against waste, disorder, cruelty, vice, blind force, non-existence, everything that destroys.

God is the end and the meaning of the universe, the only King. God's Kingdom on earth is not a dream or an uncertain project, but the inevitable destiny of mankind.

The end and substance of all real education is to teach men and women the battle of God against unnecessary suffering—the battle which God wages through men, to make a new and better world.

**Professor S. Radhakrishnan**

[Professor Radhakrishnan, of Calcutta University, is considered the ablest living philosophical and scientific thinker of India.]

The old categories of physics are not adequate even in the physical world, and purely mechanistic explanations of even the simplest living organisms are found impossible. . . . Spirit is the reality of the cosmic process.

**James Martineau**

All the power that impregnates the vast field of Nature is simply and entirely what religion calls God. Science may call it by grand foreign names, and tell you of refraction and polarity, electricity and gravitation; but in the dialect of reality it is still and only *God*.

**John Burroughs**

I am persuaded that there is something present in the universe, pervading every atom and molecule in it, that knows what it wants—a Cosmic Mind or Intelligence that we must take account of if we would make any headway in trying to understand the world in which we find ourselves. When we deny God it is always on behalf of some other God. We are compelled to recognize something not ourselves from which we proceed, and in which we live and move and have our being, call it energy or will or Jehovah or Ancient of Days. We cannot deny it because we are a part of it. As well might the fountain deny the sea or the cloud. Each of us is a fraction of the universal Eternal Intelligence. Is it unscientific to believe that our minds have their counterpart or their origin in the nature of which we form a part? Is our own intelligence all there is of mind-manifestation in the universe? Where did we get this divine gift? Did we take all there was of it? Certainly we did not ourselves invent it. It would require considerable wit to do that. Mind is immanent in nature. . . Wherever there is adaptation of means to an end, there is mind.

I see the nature providence going its impartial way. I see drought and flood, heat and cold, war and pestilence, defeat and death, besetting man at all times, in all lands. I see hostile germs in the air he breathes, in the water he drinks, in the soil he tills. I see the elemental forces as indifferent toward him as toward ants and fleas. I see pain and disease and defeat and failure dogging his footsteps. I see the righteous defeated and the ungodly triumphant—this and much more I see.

And yet, I behold through the immense biological vista behind us the race of man slowly, oh, so slowly! emerging from its brute or semi-human ancestry into the full estate of man; from blind instinct and savage passion into the light of reason and moral consciousness. I behold the great scheme of evolution unfolding despite all the delays and waste and failures, and the higher forms appearing upon the scene. I see on an immense scale, and as clearly as in a demonstration in a laboratory, that good comes out of evil; that the impartiality of the Nature Providence is best; that we are made strong by what we overcome; that man is man because he is as free to do evil as to do good; that life is as free to develop hostile forms as to develop friendly; that power waits upon him who earns it; that disease, wars, the unloosened, devastating elemental forces have each and all played their part in developing and hardening man and giving him the heroic fiber.

God is the fact of the fact, the life of the life, the soul of the soul, the incomprehensible, the sum of all contradictions, the unit of all diversity; he who knows him, knows him only in part; he who is without him, is full of him; turn your back upon him, then turn your back upon gravity, upon air, upon light. He cannot be seen by the physical eyes; but by him all seeing comes. He cannot be heard by physical ears, yet by him all hearing comes. He is not a being in the ordinary, limited meaning of that word, yet apart from him there is no being—there is no apart from him.

**Ralph Waldo Emerson**

I am ready to give, as often before, the simple foundations of my belief, that the Author of Nature has not left himself without a witness in any sane mind; that the moral sentiment speaks to every man the law after which the Universe was made; that we find parity, identity of design through nature, and benefit to be the uniform aim; that there is a force always at work to make the best better and the worst good.

Nature is too thin a screen; the glory of the omnipresent God breaks through everywhere.

O, my brothers, God exists. There is a soul at the center of Nature and over the will of man. Ineffable is the union of God and man in every act of the soul.

*In the Summer Issue of*

**The New Humanist**

A HUMANIST VIEW OF JUDAISM DISCUSSED
By Eugene Kohn and Felix Levy

REGIMENTATION AND LIBERTY
Robert Weston

T. S. ELIOT AND THE DEMON OF THE ABSOLUTE
Wallace Cable Brown

LIFE AND THE PHILOSOPHERS
Horace S. Fries

THE GOLDEN ROAD OF EDUCATION
F. J. Gould

ARE WE SPIRITUALLY BANKRUPT?
Max Kaufman

A SKEPTIC SALVAGES CONSCIENCE
Edwin H. Wilson

*Free* with each new subscription, any *one* of the following books postpaid: HUMANISM AND NEW WORLD IDEALS by Oliver L. Reiser; HUMANISM IN RELIGION EXAMINED by Robert J. Hutcheon; HUMANIST RELIGION by C. W. Reese.

*Yearly* $1.50 *Per Copy* 25c
*Canadian & Foreign* $1.75

Raymond B. Bragg, Editor
Edwin H. Wilson, Managing Editor

*Published six times a year by*

**THE HUMANIST PRESS ASSOCIATION, Inc.**

**330 South Dearborn Street**
**Chicago, Illinois**